Another significant fact is the awakening of the women. They played a great part in the Civil Disobedience Movement. Saffron-clad ladies, used to the sheltered life of the Hindu aristocracy or of the wealthy Parsees of Bombay, picketed drink-shops and cloth-shops, led processions, were beaten and flung into jail, Nehru, in his autobiography, describes how his frail mother was beaten. Many women came out of *purdah* for the first time and never went back. To-day they are taking part in public life as never before. The U.P. has a woman minister and an obscure Congress woman b|^ one of the leading Liberals at the polls during the el«fbns. A young Muslim lady of good family is secretary of the Coolies Union in a northern city. Two of the leading Socialists are women. All this may be said to date from the Non-Co-operation Movement.

It was moving to be in India at that time—sometimes tragic, often not a little comic. I remember seeing a fat police sergeant trying to stop a small boy selling *Congress Bulletins.* Again and again the urchin would dive under his legs and shout from behind his back, *Congress Bulletin.* The poor man would swing round, but too late, and then the comedy repeated itself. The poor man got hotter and hotter, till finally he gave up the chase. Then there were the Akhali Sikhs—tall warriors with swords, but pledged to nonviolence. They were determined not to surrender their flag. Down came the lathi on their heads with a sickening thud; they fell. Others took their place. At last the inner circle of their women-folk alone remained, but this was too much for the police—they kept their flag.

These are just two incidents which have stuck in my mind from those strange days. There was something very impressive about the Satyagrahis. It was a war, but on the whole a bloodless one. I recall a slim Gujerati girl who had been badly beaten remarking that, as Someone else had said,